

AT LAW OVER DOG'S OWNERSHIP

P. J. HEALY REFUSES TO ABIDE BY DECISION OF COURT.

He insists on Being Arrested for Larceny After Mrs. Ross Is Declared Owner of the Irish Setter Both Say They Brought Up From a Puppy—End Not Yet.

King, or Celt, an Irish setter said to be worth more than \$300, was a witness in the West Side police court yesterday, but his money did not assist Magistrate O'Brien in arriving at a conclusion as to who the dog's master is.

Both Mrs. William A. Ross of 449 West End avenue and Mrs. P. J. Healy of 317 West Eighty-third street, whose husband is employed in his brother's restaurant, at Sixty-sixth street and Columbus avenue, say they own the setter. Their husbands were in court, and Mr. Healy refused to abide by the court's decision.

Mrs. Healy appeared in court in answer to a summons secured by Mrs. Ross, who declared that Mrs. Healy had her dog and wouldn't give it up. Mrs. Healy answered that the dog belonged to her, and the case was on.

"Before I begin taking the testimony," announced the Magistrate, "I will do something that I believe has never been done in a police court. I will have a jury in this case. Not that I will pay any attention to their finding but I would like to see what they will say after I have given my decision."

The Magistrate selected a children's society agent, a couple of reporters, a policeman, a lawyer and a court clerk. He put them over on one side of the court room.

"This dog is King," said Mrs. Ross. "We bought him over eight years ago in Chicago, when he was a puppy. He has been a great pet of my little boy. Here is the dog's pedigree."

"His name is Celt," declared Mrs. Healy. "We bought him in San Francisco nearly five years ago. He is a great pet of my eldest child, who is five years old. Here is the dog's pedigree."

"I'm glad that I have that jury," said the Magistrate. "Now let's get the evidence."

An attempt was made to learn something from the dog's actions, but he was unresponsive. He answered to almost any old name and was willing to romp with any one in court. Then Mrs. Ross said that about fourteen months ago she moved from 472 West End avenue to her present address, but that the dog persisted in running away from his new home. A month or so ago, he found the dog on the street and took him home. She kept him there until the middle of last month, when Mrs. Healy met him with Mrs. Ross's maid and took him home with her.

"And if I wouldn't know my own dog," concluded Mrs. Ross, "then I wouldn't know my own child."

Mrs. Ross and half a dozen neighbors and tradespeople were called as witnesses and declared that they were positive that the dog in court was King and that he belonged to the complainant.

Mrs. Healy told the same story of the change of possession of the dog during the past few months, but declared that she brought the dog here with her from San Francisco over a year ago.

"And I say the same thing," she said. "If I wouldn't know my own dog then I wouldn't know my own child."

Mrs. Healy also had a lot of witnesses, who said that the dog in court was the one from California. A dog breeder, who was in court as an expert, examined the dog and then testified that his age was somewhere between 5 and 8 years—about 7 years, he thought. His testimony didn't matter in the least.

"I will decide that the dog belongs to Mrs. Ross," announced the Magistrate. "I turn the dog over to her. I hope the jury agree with me."

The jury did.

The decision made more confusion than ever. Mr. Healy got hold of the dog's leash and declared that he wouldn't give him up. He said that he had raised the dog from a pup, and that he would spend all his money and go to jail before he would let his dog go to any other person. He insisted on being arrested on the spot for larceny.

Then there was a long conversation between the lawyers and their friends, which ended in Healy giving his consent to sending the dog to the kennels pending a further disposition of the case. During the next few days Mr. Ross will relieve the dog in the Tenth district municipal court and fight out the question of his ownership.

CLEVER HELEN KELLER.

Smelled a Railroad Train That Nobody Could Hear or See.

New Brunswick, Dec. 7.—During a visit that Miss Helen Keller made recently to the Metuchen home of Mr. Henry M. Alden, the editor of *Harper's Magazine*, she astonished her friend Miss Annie Alden by suddenly rising from her seat on the porch and saying in the peculiar tones which she has learned to produce:

"There goes a railroad train!"

Now, the home of the Aldens is at least three-quarters of a mile from the Metuchen station of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and not one of the little party who had been asked to meet Miss Keller had heard the train, which really had passed, nor could it possibly be seen. So Miss Alden asked:

"Why, Helen, how could you tell? You can't see it; you can't hear it. How do you know?"

As soon as the words had been read by Miss Keller, with her thumb on Miss Alden's throat for the stroke of the glockenspiel, her first and second fingers tracing the lip articulation, she replied:

"Why, don't you know, I smell the smoke."

When the children who had been invited especially to meet her were introduced, Miss Alden's guest passed her hands over their faces. "Shut your eyes," she believed you look like my little sister."

Then she showed them her watch, made with hands which register the time on the water surface in such a manner that they may be read by the fingers.

MRS. GAGE WANTS DIVORCE.

Serving of Papers Knocks Out Her Suit for Support.

William S. Gage, a mining expert of Arizona, stopping here at the Algonquin in West Forty-fourth street, and his wife, Lala M., of 30 West Twenty-fifth street, said to be sometimes known as the Countess de Silva, were before Magistrate O'Brien in the West Side police court yesterday, in the matter of Mrs. Gage's support.

While waiting for the case to be called Mrs. Gage's lawyer served on Gage a summons in divorce for the Supreme Court.

When the Magistrate heard of the other case he promptly dismissed the proceeding before him on the ground that jurisdiction had passed from his hands.

Mark M. Schlesinger, who appeared for Mr. Gage, told Magistrate O'Brien that Mrs. Gage had a suit pending for separation from her husband not his client. He said she alleged that she was married to the other man in Paris and mentioned both a ceremony and a common law marriage. He said that case had never been disposed of.

Card Tournament Preparing.

Under the auspices of Miss Louise Ward McAllister of 603 Madison avenue, the first meeting of members of several card clubs was held yesterday afternoon in the annex of the Metropolitan Club. Prizes were given out and a late afternoon tea was served. There will be a general tournament later in which all of the leading card clubs of Newport, Morristown, Tuxedo, Southampton, Westchester county and Long Island will participate.

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SCARED AWAY OR MURDERED?

Society of the "Black Hand" Threatened Man Who Had Been Robbed.

Nicholas Parelo, the salesman for a jewelry firm who was held up and robbed in front of his home at 2335 Pacific street, Brooklyn, about three weeks ago, and who was complainant against four Italians arrested by Detective Torney of the Brownsville station, who saw the assault and robbery, failed to put in an appearance in the Gates avenue court yesterday, and the police announced to Magistrate Furlong that he was either on his way to Italy or the victim of the local branch of the Italian society known as the "Black Hand."

"We have reason to believe," said Detective Torney, "that Parelo was summoned to a house in Navy street and offered \$300 to leave the country. The alternative was threats against his life. On Thursday twenty Italians from this section of the borough left for Italy on a steamer that was carefully watched. Parelo and his wife have not been seen around their home since Thursday."

When the case was first brought into the court, Detective Torney handed several letters to Magistrate Furlong. They had been received by the complainant, Parelo, and his witnesses, and purported to be signed by the "Black Hand" society, and threatened assassination if the case was not dropped.

Magistrate Furlong adjourned the case for a week.

FIRE IN CHURCH.

Services Go on While Lawyer Shaw Chops a Hole in the Floor.

PATERNON, N. J., Dec. 7.—The Rev. James Wood, pastor of St. Agnes' Episcopal Church at Little Falls, N. J., was about to preach in the church yesterday when parishioners noticed that the floor of the church near the sanctuary was on fire.

Ralph Shaw, assistant prosecutor of Passaic county, urged the congregation to retain their seats, and aided by several men he started to put the fire out. Mr. Shaw procured an axe from no one knows where, and quickly had a hole chopped in the floor.

While the distinguished firemen, composed of himself and Little Falls manufacturers, lawyers and newspaper men, were quenching the flames, the choir played the nervousness of the congregation present by singing the "Benedictus." Services were resumed after the fire, but Mr. Wood dispensed with the sermon. The fire was caused by the heating apparatus. The damage to the church was slight.

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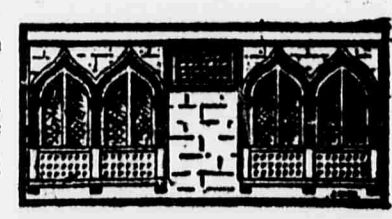
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